

The Package

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Category: Halo

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Characters: Rookie

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2011-08-25 06:17:11

Updated: 2011-08-25 06:17:11

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:57:08

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,490

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: It had to be delivered at all costs, but with a horde of covies in the way, it looked like only one strong silent type of an ODST would be able to get the job done. ONESHOT

The Package

1 It was all quiet on the desolate streets. A mournful wind swept down it, sweeping aside the debris and rattling the broken stop lights that hung limply above the destruction. With a quiet rumble the clouds rolled across ever darkening sky, casting the bombed out buildings in shadow.

A storm was coming, and down below, the prey was running.

The young ODST ducked behind a pile of rubble with a clatter, pressing his back against the broken stone. He tried to take deep breaths, to slow down his ragged gasping as he cautiously poked his head out into the open.

Seeing nothing, he allowed himself to take a breather, pulling out ammo and loading it into his pistol. With some regret, he noticed it was his last clip that was clicking into place.

Tilting his head up to look down the road before him, he judged the distance. He was almost there, just down a few blocks and through a court yard and he would be safe. The package would be safe. At the thought of it he instinctively reached around and protectively tapped the square pack firmly attached to his back. He had a mission to do, but there were so many covenant between him and his goal, and with only six bullets to get him through it, the doubts began to rise.

A far off screech of a jackal caused him to shrug off his doubts and pick himself up, wincing slightly as he poked the bleeding injury to his leg, complements of an earlier firefight. They were gaining on him. He shouldn't of stopped for so long. New adrenaline surged

through him as he started to limp off down the street, with the sounds of the hunters getting closer.

He managed to make it down the street, ducking behind a pillar to survey the courtyard, unnoticed. What he saw, he definitely didn't like. Down below menacing looking brutes barked at patrolling grunts, while a pair of hunters stood guard at the exit, seemingly oblivious to the organized chaos swirling around them.

It was a patrol all right, and it looked like they weren't leaving anytime soon. He tapped the cold stone impatiently. They were guarding the way to the base, and more of them were coming up on his backside. He was trapped, and time was running out...

"Deliver that package on time, Rookie, and under no circumstances can you allow it to fall into enemy hands. It would mean the destruction of earth, you here me?" His Sgt. Had firmly instructed him before the mission. He just couldn't let him down.

Slipping out a health pack , he applied it to his wound, feeling much better as the pain began to numb. He was going to need all his energy and focus for this.

Because there was only one way through, and he was going to take it.

Taking a deep breath, his shoulders hunched in determination, he pushed off and jumped down into the courtyard, landing on one of the grunts. It squealed, then died as his boot smashed into its face.

Stunned silence in the courtyard, then, he began to run.

Taking out a grenade he lobbed it at a group of grunts, jumping through the fiery explosions of gore and limbs he tackled the nearest brute, climbing up its hairy back and taking out his combat knife and ramming it through the alien's eye and into its brain. With a spurt of blood he pulled his blade out, rolling onto the ground as the new corpse fell.

He ducked as a green beam passed over his head, so close he could feel the heat through his helmet. The hunters were advancing.

Rolling behind a concrete flower bed he came face to face with another brute, roaring a challenge into his face, saliva splattering across his visor. Taking out his pistol he unloaded three shots into its crotch then sliced its neck open. Four grunts charged up behind him. Three fell, holes in their heads, while the fourth tried to run away as a hole was stabbed into its gas tank, but all it did was collide into the rest of its buddies and explode in a deadly blue flame.

Before the ODST could do anything else his cover exploded, sending him flying. He hit the ground. Hard. The breath knocked out of him, he struggled onto his back, trying to get his legs working so he could crawl away from the brute chieftain stalking towards him, gravity hammer raised high.

With a blood thirsty snarl it grabbed him around the neck and picked

him up. He struggled as the life began to be slowly choked out of him.

"Die, human." It laughed, only remembering that this enemy was rather good at a knife when the blade pierced into his hand. Growling in pain, it dropped the ODST, who took the opportunity to stab the other hand, letting the gravity hammer fall.

Before the Chieftain could do anything, he picked it up, and with a mighty heave brought it swinging into the brute's skull. With a resounding smash the brute's head was no more.

He death gripped the hammer and turned to face the oncoming hunters, breathing hard, trying to keep his vision straight. He could taste blood, but he forced himself to swallow it. He had a mission to do.

Another beam from the hunters arced past his shoulder, searing through the armor. In retaliation, he chucked the gravity hammer towards the nearest hunter, smashing against its chest and causing it to stumble. Unclipping his last grenade he tossed it, the shrapnel smashing into the spiked alien. It never stood a chance.

Its brother let out a angered filled roar and charged, shield raised in order to smash the ODST, but at the last second he rolled, grabbing the hunter's arm and clambering up it. It thrashed and bucked, but the fear of failure caused him to hang tight, his hands locked onto the spikes right behind its head. The perfect position.

His knife glinted in the setting sun, a bright steely glare that shone through the splashes of covenant blood that soaked it. Giving a battle cry of his own his brought it down. Then there was silence.

Later...

The doors to the base opened, letting in one bloodied and haggard ODST. Three steps inside and he collapsed to the ground. He was alive. He had made it. The package was safe, and that was all that mattered. After all that he had been through, it was worth it since it was finally over. The mission was complete.

"Rookie, you're late!" Sgt. Buck called from across the room, and quickly walked over, the rest of his team in tow. "Do you have it?" His expression was dark and serious.

The Rookie was too tired to talk, so he just pointed to the back on his back. In a instant hands reached to grab it.

"Oh thank God..." breathed Mickey with relief while Dutch helped the battered ODST up.

"Nice work, soldier." Sgt. Buck allowed himself a smile as he set the package down on a nearby table. All of them clambered around it.

"Think we should wait for Dare?" Dutch asked.

"Let me think about it. No." Romeo said and opened it. They stared at

it for a few seconds, taking it in. Then, the Sgt. slowly turned to Rookie.

"I specifically told you to order pepperoni. This is cheese." He scolded.

"Oh god, no way I'm eating this! What were you doing the whole time, cupcake, smoking behind a dumpster? " Romeo complained, throwing up his hands while the Rookie just stood there in shocked surprise. After all he'd been through...

"Take it easy on the guy..." Dutch tried to be nice, but Buck wasn't having it.

"How can I? I never play Earth Invaders without any pizza, now Romeo is going to get past my defenses and blow up earth, thanks to Rookie, here!" He grumbled, motion to the game console-of-the-future in the corner of the room.

"Aw man, there goes our party. What are we going to do now?" Mickey exclaimed. They all looked at Rookie while the Sgt. Took up the pizza box and shoved it into his hands.

"Go all the way back and get pepperoni this time. That's an order!" He scowled.

The young ODST stood there, thinking about the never ending waves of grunts, brute chieftains and hunters he had to go back through. For a pizza. Without a second thought he took out his pistol and put it up against his head.

END.

Atuhor's notes: well, I hope you enjoyed this...or at least found it mildly amusing. Or just plain hated it, but that's okay. Just a random idea I had floating around in my brain...

End
file.